

Aguinaldo a Prisoner.

A Brilliant Exploit of Gen. Funston.

Emilio Aguinaldo leader, of the insurrection in the Philippines, is in Manila, a prisoner in the hands of the American authorities. He was captured on March 23, near Casiguran, on the island of Luzon, by a small party of Americans and a detachment of scouts under the command of Brig.-Gen. Frederick Funston. The party with their prisoner reached Manila, Thursday on the gunboat Vicksburg. The capture is the result of a plan devised by Gen. Funston and executed under his direction. About the middle of January a detachment of Gen. Funston's command captured a messenger bearing dispatches from Aguinaldo to various insurgent chiefs asking for reinforcements. On Feb. 8 one of Aguinaldo's staff officers surrendered and in his possession were papers, which told of the dictator's whereabouts.

Brigadier Gen. Funston's scheme was to make up a party to impersonate insurgents, troops going to reinforce Aguinaldo. The Americans were to be passed off as prisoners. The plan was forwarded to General MacArthur and was approved by him. Gen. Funston then formed the expedition of four Tagalogs who were formerly officers in Aguinaldo's army, three United States officers and a detachment of 78 Macabebes scouts. The party left Cavite on the Vicksburg, March 6, and on the early morning of the 14th landed near Baler, which is 20 miles south of Casiguran.

For six days the expedition marched over an exceedingly difficult country, covering ninety miles. When they reached a point eight miles from Aguinaldo's camp they were almost exhausted from lack of food and the fatigue of the march. They stopped at the place and sent a message to Aguinaldo requesting him to send food to them. The message had been worked with great success, and on March 22, when Aguinaldo sent provisions, it was seen that he did not have the slightest suspicion.

With the food he sent word that the Americans were not wanted in his camp, but instructing their supposed captors to treat them kindly. On March 23 the march was resumed, the Macabebes officers starting an hour ahead of the main body of the expedition. The prisoners under guard followed them.

When the party arrived at Aguinaldo's camp a bodyguard of fifty riflemen was paraded, and the officers were received at Aguinaldo's house, which was situated on the Palanan river. After some conversation with him, in which they gave the alleged details of their "engagement" with an American force, they made excuses and quietly left the house. They at once gave orders to an American soldier to get in position and fire on the bodyguard. The order was obeyed with rapidity, and three volleys were delivered. The insurgents were panic-stricken by the sudden turn of affairs, and they broke and ran in consternation. Two of them, however, were killed and eighteen wounded. Simultaneously with the delivery of the volleys the American officers rushed into Aguinaldo's house.

Major Albuera, one of Aguinaldo's staff, had been shot in the face. He, however, was determined not to be captured and he jumped from a window into the river and disappeared. Two captains and four lieutenants made their escape in a similar manner. Aguinaldo, Col. Villa, his chief-of-staff, and Santiago Barcelona, the insurgent treasurer, did not have time to make an attempt to get away before Gen. Funston and his cohorts were upon them, demanding their surrender. Seeing that the situation was hopeless they gave themselves up.

The party stayed at the camp two days, then marched overland to the coast where the Vicksburg picked them up and brought them to Manila.

April Magazines.

The April St. Nicholas is full of good things for old and young and perhaps the most notable article is Cleveland Moffett's account of the adventures of a pilot. The story abounds in thrilling adventures and like everything else in this magazine is splendidly illustrated. The Canadian voyager is the pilot, especially considered, and all who have made the trip down the Lachine rapids will be greatly interested. A full page picture of Princess Victoria when four years old appears in connection with a charming story of her dolls, and Elizabeth Finley writes about the only Eskimo in the United States.

Nature study will receive a valuable stimulus by all who read "The Story of the Beaver" in April McClure's as told by William D. Hulbert. The writer tells of a colony of beavers that lived in northern Michigan and the story is a complete interpretation of the beaver's life. The pictures, reproduced from photographs, add much to the value of the article.

Other strong articles are an appreciative character sketch of Tolstoi by Hon. Andrew D. White, ambassador to Germany, and another series of the "grat" stories by Josiah Flynt. The latter writer gives us the opinions of the "toughs" of the corruption in New York and from their point of view the story is a most valuable sociological study.

The World's Work gives much space this month to the formation of the great steel trust and gives character sketches of the three most prominent financiers in this greatest trust ever organized—Carnegie, Morgan and Schwab. Its treatment of this current topic shows conclusively the enterprise of the magazine, and is only one of many notable articles in this great magazine. The full page illustrations are a special feature of this magazine which in less than six months has become one of the leading monthlies in the United States.

Some Tonics Make Drunkards, but Cleveland's Celery Compound Tea contains no alcohol—it is the quickest and surest cure in the world for Nervous Prostration, Constipation, Indigestion, and all diseases of the Blood, Kidneys and Liver. There is health and vigor in every ounce of it. We will give you a free trial package. Large packages, 25 cents. Frank G. Landry, druggist.

Short Stories.

Fired on the Turk.

At a recent religious gathering in Boston one of the delegates from the Orient related the following:

"I tried to use my newly acquired Turkish on a native, apparently of Constantinople. He listened, smiling, while I told him my mission and my plans, and my already achieved results. But instead of a Turk I had caught a Tartar, for he said in perfect English, 'Oh, come, I say, now, you're stuffing me!' 'Well,' said I, 'all Turkey'll get the same stuffing before I go.' 'That's sage of you,' he replied."

The Officer Felt Insulted.

A colonel of a British regiment in South Africa who was repairing a railroad after one of General De Wet's many breakings discovered a fine empty house, which he proceeded to occupy as headquarters.

When the news of the colonel's comfortable quarters reached Bloemfontein he received a telegram which read:

"G. T. M. wants house."

The colonel was unable to make out what "G. T. M." meant, and inquired of officers, who translated it "General Traffic Manager."

"All right," said the colonel. "If he can use my headquarters so can I."

"G. T. M. can G. T. H."

Two days later he received a dispatch from Bloemfontein ordering him to attend a board of inquiry.

On appearing in due course he was asked what he meant by sending such an insulting message to a superior officer.

"Insulting," repeated the colonel, innocently. "It was nothing of the kind."

"But what do you mean," demanded his superior, "by telling me I can 'G. T. H.'?"

"It was simply an abbreviation," replied the colonel. "G. T. M. (general traffic manager) can G. T. H. (get the house)."

A Wise Child.

A popular Cleveland doctor tells the story of a bright boy, his own, who had reached the mature age of nine after an early career marked by many wild and mischievous pranks. His restless nature has made him something of a torment to his teacher at times, and one afternoon not long ago she kept him after the others were dismissed and had a serious talk with him. Perhaps she was a little afraid that her admonitions were falling on stony ground. Any way, she finally said: "I certainly will have to ask your father to come and see me."

"Don't you do it," said the boy.

The teacher thought she had made an impression. "Yes," she repeated, "I must send for your father."

"You better not," said the boy.

"Why not?" inquired the teacher.

"Cause he charges \$2 a visit," said the scamp.—[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

An Irrepressible Youngster.

An English paper says that a well-known lecturer was once invited to take tea at a certain house. Immediately on being seated at the table a little daughter of the house said to the guest abruptly: "Where is your wife?"

The lecturer who had recently separated from his better half, was surprised and annoyed at the question, and stammered forth the truth:

"I don't know," repeated the child.

"Why don't you know?"

Finding that the child persisted in her interrogations, despite the mild reproof of her parents, he decided to make a clean breast of the matter and have it over at once, so he said with calmness:

"Well, we don't live together.

We think, as we can't agree, we'd better not."

He stifled a groan as the child began again, and darted an exasperated look at her parents.

But the little torment would not be quieted until she exclaimed:

"Can't agree? Then why don't you fight it out, the same as father and mother do?"

An amusing episode occurred at a political meeting at Lavendon during the general election.

After hearing the speeches of the candidate and his supporters, an aged Conservative from Wolverton mounted the platform and caused some mystery by dramatically holding aloft a walnut, when he proceeded to say:

"This is a political walnut. The rough side represents the Radicals; the next, the thin, bitter skin, is the Liberals, and the kernel represents the good Conservative."

A man in the audience cried out: "Now crack it!"

The Wolverton Tory did so, when, lo and behold! the kernel was rotten!

The admixture of laughter and chagrin that followed may be imagined.—[Spare Moments.]

In a letter to his parents a Missouri boy who is with the army in the Philippines writes of having seen some "wild monkeys playing among the orange blossoms" near Laguna de Bay.

"I have seen many monkeys in the country," says the Missourian, "but my fancy never associated them with orange blossoms. It reminded me of a negro I once saw in Cuba selling bottles of fery rum from a basket made of goldenrod."

certain quartermaster-sergeant of Rough Riders brought a quantity of the liquor, for which he gave the 'hombre' an order on the commissary written on the reverse side of a pledge which he had signed before his captain to abstain from drink for six months."

A Hundred Years' War Ended.

South Africa, China and the Philippines are not the only countries where war is in progress. In different parts of the world campaigns of long standing are being carried on daily. Some of them have never been heard of in this country; others have been forgotten.

Under the latter head comes Achin, where for years the Dutch have been striving to subjugate the natives, a race so important that at one time its rulers received embassies from the greatest potentates in Europe, that of England included. Achin is probably the most war-ridden state in the world. For a hundred years it has known but little peace, first with one land then with another, but principally with the Dutch.

The end of this protracted war is, however, believed to be within sight at last. During the last three years the Dutch have won repeated victories. Batoclik, the strongest fortified garrison of the Achinese, is hard pressed, and its fall is expected to result in the surrender of the natives. A race that can resist for a number of years a well organized in-

vasion of European troops is worthy of some attention. The country is situated in the north of Sumatra. It is the only state in the island that still remains independent of the Dutch, but, as already foreshadowed, its independence appears to be now doomed. The population numbers about 328,000. Before its device, which commenced early in the eighteenth century, Achin was in close touch commercially with England. It was to the port of Achin that London merchants directed their first efforts toward securing trade in the Indies.

Queen Elizabeth sent confidential communications to the King of Achin by special envoy, and James I also corresponded with the reigning monarch, who lived in such luxurious style that he had nine hundred state elephants. To this day there stand near the gate of the King's palace a couple of brass cannon of extraordinary size. They were a present from James I to the ruler of Achin.

They still bear the founder's name and the date legibly inscribed upon them. So considerable, in fact, was Achin's one time power that to reduce Malacca it fitted out an armada of no fewer than five hundred ships, a hundred of which were larger than any then used in Europe. The ships carried sixty thousand men, with the King himself in command.

Moreover, at one time, Achin produced more gold than any other country in the East, excepting perhaps Japan. One chronicle fixes the annual output at 512,000 ounces. For fifty eight years the female sovereigns reigned, and the foreign residents in Achin believe, though erroneously, that the Queen and her subjects were all Achinese.

The Achinese employ minted money, including a gold coin stamped with Arabic characters called "mas." Great stretches of the interior have not yet been explored, but from seaward two gigantic volcanic mountains rise to a height of about 11,000 feet are visible.

Little also is known of the language. This, perhaps, is not strange, notwithstanding the great career which Achin once had. Languages, like peoples and like greatness wither away and are forgotten where there is a diminution in national vigor, or else they change so completely that they are unrecognizable.

We are, however, able to give the following numerical table of the Achinese from one to ten: One, Sah; 2, Dua; 3, Tlu; 4, Eot; 5, Limung; 6, Nam; 7, Tuju; 8, Diapung; 9, Sukung; 10, Sapu.

Though once powerful enough to drive the Portuguese out of the island and to have a fleet and an army that were the envy of larger countries, Achin has slowly drifted into the limbo of forgotten states, and now appears destined to disappear from the map altogether.—[London Mail.]

Alphabet on Pin's Head.

There is a man in Philadelphia who wears a communion-plate-looking little pin as a watch chain. To the naked eye it is not different from the millions of other pins. Yet its head is a masterpiece of the engraver's art, for on it is engraved the English alphabet in Old English lettering, and in the center is cut the year when it was done, "1900."

The naked eye cannot distinguish a scratch on the pin's head, but a powerful magnifying glass, such as is used by a watchmaker, reveals the letters of the alphabet in proper order around the edge of the head, every character separate, and perfectly formed.

There was on exhibition at the Paris Exposition last year a marvel of Lilliputian work, the writing of the Lord's Prayer on paper one-eighth of an inch square. This was done by Fred Swarts Brink, a penman in Philadelphia. He regarded it as the finest work of the kind ever done, but when he saw the engraving on the pin's head he confessed that he had been outdone. He bought the work of the engraver, August Starcke, for a trifle and recently carried the pin to a jeweler and requested a salesman to heat and gold plate and a little wing solder on the body of the pin, so that he could attach it as a charm to his watch chain.

"Some sentiment connected with the pin, eh?" asked the salesman.

"None at all," replied the customer. "Just look at the head through a glass."

The jeweler did so, and then discovered the alphabet. The engraver who did the work spent one year at it, and so tedious was it that he could only work at it a few minutes at a time.

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The Time to Break the Rule.

There is an anecdote in some volume of French theatrical memoirs narrating an experience of Mlle. Clairon, the great tragic actress, with a pupil of hers, a girl of strong natural gifts for the histrionic art, but far too frequent and too exuberant in her gesticulation.

So when the pupil was about to appear before the public in a recitation Mlle. Clairon bound the girl's arms to her side by a stiff thread and sent her thus upon the stage.

With the first strong feeling she had to express the pupil tried to raise her arms, only to be restrained by the thread. A dozen times in the course of her recitation she was prevented from making the gestures she desired until at the very end she could stand it no longer, and in the climax of her emotion she broke her bonds and swung her hands to her head.

When she came off the stage, she went humbly to where Mlle. Clairon was standing in the wings and apologized for having snapped the thread.

"But you did quite right!" said the teacher. "That was the time to make the gesture, not before!"—Brander Mat-

Baked apples are the most healthful dessert that can be placed upon the table.

President Lincoln on Saloon Smashing.

It will probably be news to most readers, says the New Nation, that the question of saloon smashing is one upon which we have the opinion of so eminent a statesman and so accomplished a lawyer as Abraham Lincoln. In about the year 1839, while Abraham Lincoln was practicing law at Springfield, 15 women of Clinton, Ill., after having repeatedly pleaded with a liquor dealer to refrain from selling to their husbands, raided his saloon, smashed in the heads of his barrels with axes, and broke his demijohns and bottles.

The women were arraigned under indictment for the mischief done. They were without counsel for defense, when, on the day of trial, Mr. Lincoln entered the courtroom, and was asked by the court to address the court in their behalf.

Mr. Lincoln said: "May it please the court, I will say a few words in behalf of the women who are arraigned before your honor and the jury. I would suggest, first that there be a change in the indictment, so as to have it read, 'The state against Mr. Whisky,' instead of 'The state against the women.' It would be far more appropriate. Touching this question, there are three laws: First, the law of self-protection; second, the law of the statute; third, the law of God. The law of self-protection is the law of necessity, as shown when our fathers threw the tea into Boston harbor, and in asserting their right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. This is the defense of these women. The man who has persisted in selling whisky has had no regard for their well-being or the welfare of their husbands and sons. He has had no fear of God or regard for man, neither has he any regard for the laws of the statute. No jury can fix any damages or punishment for any violation of the moral law. The course pursued by this liquor dealer has been for the demoralization of society. His grogery has been a nuisance. These women, finding all moral suasion of no avail with this fellow, oblivious to all tender appeal, alike regardless of their prayers and tears, in order to protect their households and promote the welfare of the community, united to suppress the nuisance. The good of society demanded its suppression. They accomplished what otherwise could not have been done."

As a result of the speech the women were released by the court upon their own recognizance, and so far as can be learned, no further action was taken.

The facts may be found in Coffin's "Life of Lincoln," page 107, and in Herndon's "Life of Lincoln," edition of 1889, page 215.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

This question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! No baking! Add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors—Lemon, orange, raspberry and strawberry. At your grocers, 10 cents.

Can I Make a Farm Pay?

Writing an answer to the often put question, "Can I Make a Farm Pay?" Prof. Bailey, of Cornell, gives in The World's Work for March some good advice. There must be, first of all, he says, a love of independence, a love of the country and an ambition to work for the work's sake. Speaking of the love of country life he says:

"Half of country life is in the living. It is in the point of view. It is the way in which we look at things. Thoreau rejoiced when it rained, because he knew that his beans were happy. One day my man was agitated because the woodchucks were eating the beans. He would go to town at once and buy a gun. I asked him how many beans the woodchucks would probably destroy. He thought from one-eighth to one-quarter of an acre. Now, one-quarter of an acre of field beans should bring me a net cash return of three or four dollars. I told him that he could not buy a gun for that money. If he had a gun, he would waste more time killing the woodchucks than the beans would be worth. But the worst part of it would be that he would kill the woodchucks, and at daylight morning after morning I had to watch the animals as they stole from the bushes, sniffed the soft morning air, and nibbled the crisp young leaves. Many a time I had spent twice four dollars for less entertainment. My neighbor thought that I ought to cut out the briars in the fence corner. I told him that I liked to see the briars there. He remarked that some folks are fools. I replied that it is fun to be a fool."

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An arrangement in the linen closet of a recently built house is suggestive. In lieu of wide, deep drawers sometimes provided to hold household linen, which are difficult to move when filled, the closet has deep shelves fitted with covers at the sides, which let down. In this way the linen was perfectly protected, and closed in to hold the perfume of the lavender sprinkled over it, and at the same time access to it was easy.

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